



A Fawcett Publication

FAMOUS STAR OF THE  
HOPALONG CASSIDY MOVIES

# Bill Boyd

## WESTERN

FEB.

10¢

NO. 11



IN THIS ISSUE:  
A THRILLING  
RIP-ROARING,  
COMPLETE WESTERN  
NOVELETTE:

**UNDERCOVER  
AGENT!**

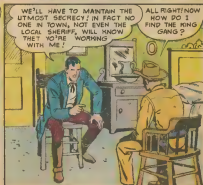
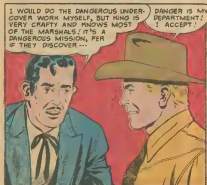
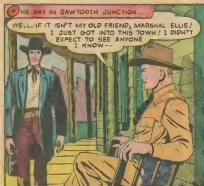
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*







HYAR'S HOW WE'LL SMOKE OUT THE GANG! I'LL MAKE IT KNOWN THEY I'M GOING TO DRIVE A WAGON WITH A LOAD OF GOLD THROUGH THE HILLS TOMORROW! I'M SHORE THE KING GANG WILL ATTACK AND TAKE THE GOLD!



DON'T TRY TO HELP ME OR SAVE THE GOLD! YOU JUST FOLLOW THE GANG TO THEIR HIDE-OUT AND FROM THERE, YO'RE ON YORE OWN!

I UNDERSTAND, I'LL BE READY!



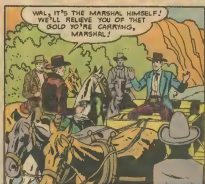
THE NEXT DAY....

HERE COMES MARSHAL ELLIS ON THE WAGON! THIS IS THE BEST SPOT ON THE ROAD TO HOLD IT UP, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY DRYGULCHERS!



SUDDENLY....

THERE THEY COME! THAT MUST BE THE KING GANG!



WAL, IT'S THE MARSHAL HIMSELF! WE'LL RELIEVE YOU OF THET GOLD YO'RE CARRYING, MARSHAL!



I RECKON YOU'VE GOT THE DROP ON ME! HYAR'S THE GOLD!

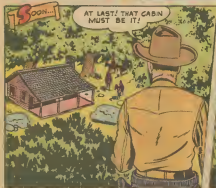
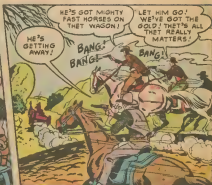


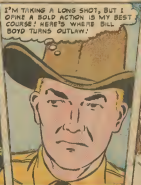
NOW TO GET RID OF THIS LAWMAH! ALF, I'LL LET YOU TAKE THE FIRST SHOT!

THET'S A GOOD IDEA, KING! WE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE ANY WITNESSES!



I COULD PICK OFF THOSE JASPER'S FROM HERE, BUT MY ORDERS ARE TO STAY OUT OF IT! IT LOOKS AS IF MARSHAL ELLIS IS DONE FOR!





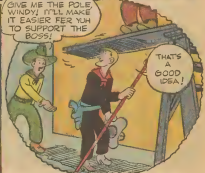
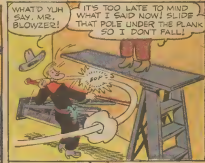




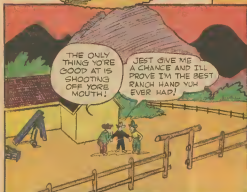
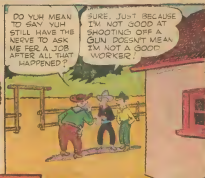
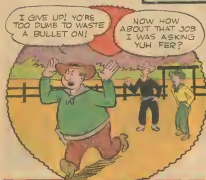


# Windy Whopper

AND "THE JOB  
ROUND UP"







FER YORE INFORMATION, WINDY, I'M THE HARDEST WORKING RANCH HAND IN THE WHOLE WEST! I GET UP AT FIVE IN THE MORNING TO FEED THE COWS! AT SIX I FEED THE HORSES! AT SEVEN THE REST OF THE COWBOYS AND BLOWZER GET UP AND I FEED THE PIGS!



DID YUH HEAR THAT BLOWZER? HE CALLED YUH A PIG!

YO'RE FIRED, DICK!



BUT I DIDN'T MEAN THAT, BOSS! I MEANT TO SAY BY THE TIME YUH GOT UP I WAS ALREADY FEEDING THE PIGS!

DON'T BELIEVE HIM! HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS SAYING!

DO YUH ALWAYS KNOW WHAT YO'RE SAYING?

OF COURSE!

THEN TELL ME, WOULD YUH TAKE BLOWZER FER A PIG?

NOT IF IT WERE A NICE FAT PIG! I MEAN...



RELAX! NOW WE CAN LOOK FER A JOB TOGETHER! YUH KNOW THEY SAY MISERY LOVES COMPANY!

YUH FOOL! YUH NOT ONLY DIDN'T GET THE JOB, BUT YUH MADE ME LOSE MINE TOO!

AND YUH TWO ARE CERTAINLY A MISERABLE PAIR!



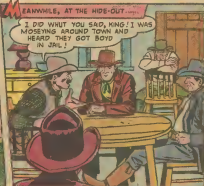
# Bill Boyd in UNDERCOVER AGENT

## Part II JAILBREAK

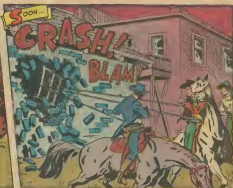




THE NEXT DAY, IN THE SAWTOOTH VALLEY JAIL...









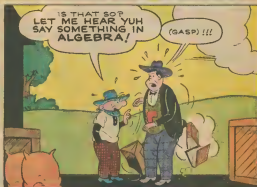
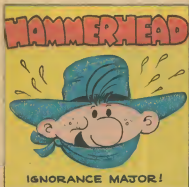




IT LOOKS LIKE SURE DEATH FOR BILL BOYD! IS THERE ANY WAY HE CAN GET OUT ALIVE? AND IF HE DOES—HUNTED BY BOTH THE LAWMEN AND THE OUTLAWS—WHAT IS HIS CHANCE FOR HIM?

•

READ PART III OF UNDERCOVER AGENT!



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COUGH DROPS  
TOO!

SMITH BROTHERS  
COUGH DROPS





# THE FEAR PIT

By Ray Cox



**J**EFF NOONAN knew that what he was about to do was wrong. Yet he must do it. There was no way out. Not in this sun tortured little town of Sage Fork, where he and Sam Bates were the only law, and a man was measured by one of two things—the speed of his draw, or the power in his fists.

Sam was across the dusty little office now, dressed for the trail, reaching for the Winchester hanging over the desk. Sam took the rifle down and wiped the barrel with an oily rag, jacked a cartridge into the chamber. He looked at Jeff, his old face as rugged as a map of his beloved Cochise County, all seamed and rutted by wind and sun.

"I'll be riding," Sam said. "Reckon you'll be on your own, Jeff. Reckon I can trust you, too. Town's in your hands, you know."

"You can," said Jeff. "I'm a good deputy, Sam. You know that." He smiled fondly at the older man. "Get along and catch that stage robber you been hankering after for so long. I'll take care of Sage Fork."

Still the old man did not go. "You been mighty quiet all morning, Jeff. Wouldn't have any schemes up your sleeve, now? Like starting trouble with Bat Masters soon as I ride out of town?"

Jeff managed to keep his smile intact. The wise old galoot. How had he known—suspected that this was the chance he had been waiting for? The chance that Sam would never permit him to take. Sam, his friend, who didn't want to see him hurt—or killed.

"No," Jeff said. "I don't aim to start trouble with Bat." It was not a lie. He was simply going to give Bat a chance to start the trouble. That was wrong, he said to himself as he stood in the door of the sheriff's office and watched Sam Bates lead the posse out of town. He was a peace officer—he wasn't supposed to go around looking for trouble, for fights with the town bully. But there was more to it than that—much more than Sam understood. Sam had never been afraid of a man in his life! Sam couldn't know the gnawing sickness of fear—fear of one man, of the way he fought and what he might do to you. And if that man had licked you to a frazzle once, long ago when you were both kids, and boasted now, loudly and in public, that he could whip you again any time and any place—well, a man had to get over being scared. He had to fight.

Or he had to run, give up his job as deputy, get out of Sage Fork.

"I ain't going to run," said Jeff aloud to the office. He walked to the desk, took off his gun and belt, and tossed it into a drawer. No guns in this fight. Bat Masters was too smart for guns, boasted he didn't need them. He stayed carefully on the right side of the law—and killed men with his bare fists in fair fight. That was what he always claimed. Fair-fight! Jeff wasn't so sure about that.

Jeff walked down the scorching street. There were a few dogs lying somnolent in the scant shade cast by the false fronts of stores, a few drooping horses tethered to the rail outside the Silver Saddle Café. Dry alkali dust, scuffed up by his boots, rose in whirling eddies to cake and sting in his nostrils. Sweat beaded and rolled on his forehead, dribbled in little rivers through the dust, crawled down the back of his neck. The sweat of fear? Jeff didn't really know, but he was on his way to find out. For once and all he was going to find out. Was he a coward? Was he deathly afraid of Bat Masters?

The general store, owned by the bully, was last on the street. It stood a little away from the other houses and stores. As Jeff approached it he saw a little knot of men, some standing, some hunkered down, whittling and talking, showing tobacco stained teeth. In the center of the group, on the stoop, sat Bat Masters. A massive man in blue jeans and a hickory shirt that was too small for the immensity of him. Jeff walked past the store. He was going to keep his word to Sam. He wasn't going to start the trouble.

A voice drawled behind him. "Forgit your pop guns, Deputy? Ain't hardly safe to be strolling around this end of town without 'em."

Jeff stopped, turned to face the big man. "Hi, Bat. No, I didn't forget my guns. No need to wear guns when there's no trouble."

Bat Masters rose and spat toward Jeff's feet. "Might be trouble, though. Appears to 'me there's almost bound to be trouble—you coming down and walking around my part of the town."

Jeff stood very still, feeling the quickening of his heart, knowing that the coldness along his spine was fear. Well, he had come here

today for one purpose, but still he would not force a fight.

He made his voice cool, laconic. "You filed a claim on this end of town, Bat?"

The big man spat again. "Where you're concerned I have, I used to whip you, Jeff Noonan, and I can do it again. But you won't fight me fair. You always walk around carrying them guns, and I'm no gun fighting man . . ."

Jeff made a sweeping gesture down along his hips. "No guns today, Bat."

The man took a step and slashed his open hand across Jeff's face. The shock made Jeff reel for a moment, and when he could see clearly there was Bat, smiling at him like a wolf that has spotted a crippled yearling.

Bat showed his stained teeth. "You really want to fight, Jeff? You want to go in The Pit with me?"

The Pit! Jeff felt his knees begin to quiver, try as he would to control them. That was the thing he'd been dreading, yet forcing himself to face! The Pit! A tiny, windowless room at the back of the store, once used for storing feed. When the single door was closed and barred it was pitch dark. A man couldn't see his own hand before him. And in The Pit, in the remorseless dark, Bat Masters had pounded the life out of at least two men, and had badly hurt a score of others. He had always won when he fought in The Pit.

Now Bat misunderstood Jeff's hesitation. "I thought you was yellow," he sneered. "You don't want to fight me, Jeff. Your legs are shaking so hard now you'll have to crawl back to your badge and guns. So start crawling, you coyote!"

Jeff lashed out, straight and hard. His fist caught Bat beside the nose, sending the man staggering as he bellowed in fury.

Jeff smiled at him. "Sure, Bat. Let's go in The Pit. Any time you're ready. Right now!"

Men crowded around them. One old fellow, looking at Jeff with pity in his eyes, whispered, "Don't do it, son. He'll kill you for sure. Cut and run for it. Better be a coward than be dead."

Jeff pushed the man away and followed Bat Masters into the store. The big man was roaring curses now, bellowing so hard that the timbers of the store shook. "I been waiting for this," he yelled. "A long time, I been waiting."

Bat went behind the counter and picked up a fistful of matches, shoving them in his pocket. "Gonna need these," he explained. "Gonna need 'em to look at his beat-up carcass in there, when I git finished with him. You boys git The Pit ready, pronto. And be sure you put the bar on the door, after we're in. Not gonna have him running when he gits scared."

All preparations were made, and they stood

before the door of the tight, dark little room. Not much room to move in, thought Jeff. That's the way he does it. Bullies his man into a corner and crushes him. I'll have to be careful, keep moving, stay away from him until he's tired. If I can.

Suddenly Bat was in high good humor. He held out a massive hand to Jeff. "Shake before we go in," he jeered. "A fair fight—and the best man wins." He clapped Jeff on the back, his sweaty hand moving over the deputy's shoulders. "And all here can bear witness that I killed you fair and square, Jeff. Ha—hah!"

They went into the room, barely twelve feet square. Bat took up his position in one corner, Jeff was across from him. All the humor was gone from Bat now. His eyes gleamed redly as he squinted across at Jeff. "Right," he barked to the other men. "Close the door and drop the bar. And when you hear that bar drop, Jeff Noonan, watch out!"

When the bar fell it was as though Jeff's heart had bumped the floor. He stood there for a split second in the darkness, hearing the soft scuffle of feet coming toward him. Sweat spurting down his face, into his eyes, told him how afraid he was. He twisted toward the door, felt a nail in the wall tear at his shirt. Caught! He wrenched away, and heard the shirt rip. A moment later a great bulk smashed past him, thudding into the wall. Again and again the fists crashed into wood, before Jeff heard a surprised grunt. By that time he understood. He was looking at a shining white spot, almost like a flame, that danced and wavered in the gloom of the little room. Jeff knew, then, why Bat had always won. He knew, also, how this time he was going to win. He slipped off his torn shirt, let it drop to the floor, and waited.

THAT night he explained to Sam Bates.

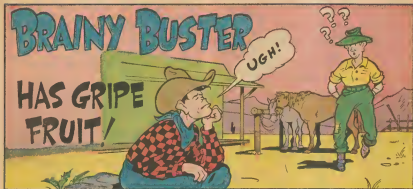
The old man was still incredulous, couldn't see how Jeff had managed to batter the bully, Bat Masters, into submission. "He never lost a fight in The Pit till now," Sam exclaimed. "How did you do it, Jeff?"

"That nail in the wall," said Jeff. "It tore part of my shirt—the part Bat had rubbed when he slapped me on the back. Rubbed with phosphorus off those matches, all mixed in his sweaty hand. An old trick of his, I guess. Gave him a target in the dark—the other didn't have my luck, and Bat could see the phosphorus shining on their backs. But when he couldn't see my back he got scared, kept rushing around in a panic. I just waited till he got winded, then I went to work on him."

"Ain't much you're scared of, I reckon," said Sam.

Jeff smiled inwardly. No use telling Sam how frightened he had been.

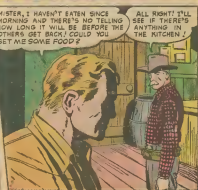
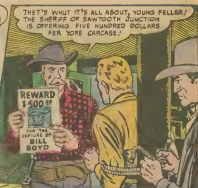
THE END

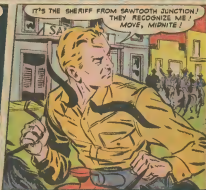














AT THIS RATE I'LL NEVER GET TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE ALIVE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE SHERIFF'S SIGHT! I MAKE TOO GOOD A TARGET RIGHT NOW!



BUT I GUESS THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL SAFELY IS TO HAVE THE SHERIFF TAKE ME-- AND I THINK I KNOW HOW I CAN GET HIM TO DO IT!



KEEP GOING, MIDNITE! I DON'T WANT THEM TO SUSPECT ANYTHING!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER....

THIS GUN IN YOUR BACK MAY GO OFF IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT I SAY, SHERIFF!



MOVE YOUR MEN UP IN FRONT WHERE I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON ALL OF YOU! THEN HEAD FOR THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE!

I RECKON YOU GOT THE DROP ON ME, BOYD! I'LL DO WHUT YOU SAY!



LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MARSHAL....

WHAT BILL BOYD HAS BEEN TELLING YOU IS TRUE! BECAUSE OF THE DIFFICULTY WE'VE HAD WITH THE KING GANG, WE HAD TO KEEP THE UNDERCOVER AGENT'S IDENTITY A SECRET-- EVEN FROM YOU! MARSHAL ELLIS SENT ME A REPORT TELLING ME THAT BOYD WAS WORKING ON THE CASE!



I RECKON I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, BOYD, NOT ONLY PER WHUT I DID TO YOU, BUT BECAUSE I MESSED UP THE CAPTURE OF THE KING GANG!

WE CAN STILL CAPTURE THEM! THEY'RE COMING TO GET ME IN THE SALOON IN TOWN! I'LL GO BACK THERE AND ACT AS BAIT WHILE YOU AND YOUR MEN SURROUND THE PLACE!



BUT IF THE GANG DISCOVERS THE TRAP, IT'S ALMOST SURE DEATH FOR YOU!



A SHORT TIME LATER.....

I'VE PUT THE GUN IN MY SHIRT, NOW TO MAKE IT LOOK AS IF I'M STILL TIED AND THEN WAIT FOR THE WARMINTS TO GET HERE!



SOON....

THERE'S THE JASPER YO'RE AFTER-- ALL HOSTIED AND WAITING FER YOU!



YEP! THAT'S THE HOMBRE, ALL RIGHT!

AT THAT MOMENT.....

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, KING! THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!



WE'RE SURROUNDED!

IT'S A TRAP!

YO'RE NOT HOLDING ME IN THIS--: HUH? HE SHOT MY GUN AWAY!



WE'S ALL YOURS, MARSHAL! TAKE HUM!

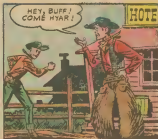
BANG!

LATER.....

THANKS TO YOU, BILL, WE'VE GOT THE KING GANG CORRALLED AND WE'RE TAKING IN THIS HOMBRE WHO TRIED TO TURN YOU OVER TO THEM!



I WAS GLAD TO BE OF HELP, MARSHAL! NOW I GUESS I'LL RIDE ALONG ACROSS THE PRAIRIE--A FREE MAN AGAIN!



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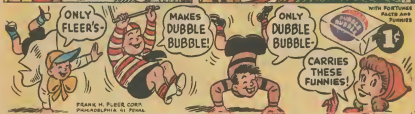
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## BUSINESSMAN BICKFORD





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Figure 1 displays four heatmaps showing the spatial distribution of the four most abundant taxa across the four regions (North, South, East, West). The taxa are Lactobacillus, Bifidobacterium, Faecalibacterium, and Akkermansia. Each heatmap has a color scale from 0 (white) to 1 (dark red). The heatmaps show varying patterns of abundance across the regions, with Lactobacillus and Bifidobacterium generally showing higher abundance in the North and South regions, and Faecalibacterium and Akkermansia showing higher abundance in the East and West regions.

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TARGET OUTFIT Complete

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Age Group	Don't know	No	Yes	Strongly yes
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25-34	10%	10%	40%	40%
35-44	10%	10%	30%	50%
45-54	30%	10%	20%	40%

**DAY THREE—**  
**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27,**  
**1988. DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND.**  
 After a long drive from London, we arrived at Dumfries, Scotland, where we were to spend the night before heading back to Glasgow for the final day of our tour.

**Get and Shoot  
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